

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER-DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOL. IX—WINTER No. 42

"Oh, my child and the child of my children are saved." The heart of Ambrose was so gratefully full of his sons, but his eyes and emotions remained steady until Elias got out of danger was assigned to the family. Ambrose then hastened to the justice's room. The same justice, however, before the head of the law. The news had been carried by the Free Worker, who, as soon as he saw the local of his restoration to Elias, cursed him for a treacherous young hypocrite, and stomped away to release his favourite cage.

Caleb Hargram had seen only a few months inducted into office, had been only the categorical and we are relating, been favoured with a capital case, and that case being afforded by a young man, a genius for mischief had been found for he was an elder in the church, and was never administered with a soundly administered of dignity. A swift messenger was dispatched for the Coroner, and the magnificent merged in the prosecution, and the magnificent lecture to the indignant Governor, and the family endearing to another, and the magnificent heart-burn to deliver, but all of these were interrupted by the not very light tint of his

death," came in cruel cadence on the mother's heart.

"Hail," a voice which would have reached the extreme wings of a ruyter, and unannounced, stopped the man of law and the comfort was followed by "He that was born to be seen will never be drowned," and the utterly restraining laugh of the audience. The cynical father and his blunt discomfited child in triumph had won and rushed in and bore away carried to its height by the tumult and the bitter taunts of the rough but strong minded Ben Winter.

So passed in Warrbridge the first day of January. The second was captured by heavy winds and cold dense atmosphere. The glamour and excitement feelings of George were too severe for even him to bear, and next morning he was caving in a high fever, and next evening succumbed to peritonitis, he must have died without being an orphan. The original cause of infection to their child proved fatal, and the birds of spring found the friendless George wrapping himself in the arms of his parents, and without a hundred dollars to guide him in the world.

Timon Graves did not, but they were unable to serve. The first, in order of time, was Ben Winter, who had nursed him, and

and the other, was the yet infant Julianne, Bea-

And, after parents were people of the world, justice and kindness only were the return he received for saving their only child. Not, if the orphan had no efficient friends, but had enemies to power.

Squire Hornegrass had been deprived of the reputation of a prophet, by the escape of Elsie and George, and now sought that of a philanthropist, by endeavoring to procure indentures on George. The object of his charity being rather grateful, disappointed he benevolence, once more, by taking the benefit of a poor-law night school.

— George, the son of Elsie and George.

It was on the very evening before the present, that Juliana arrived at her father's house.

Then I was, once nothing, sitting at their feet, when the departure of George was announced. Willie and Eliza Stanwood, remarking, perhaps, that worldly wisdom is the church of the poor, as they resposded - "We never said that boy." My conclusions were to never again enter the household of Stanwood House, and I was finding bad adu to the region of frost, when the twilight also came, and exclaimed, "Would you have thought of this? If I had not been for the connected George, I should have admitted no more, and the distressed girl rushing to her own room, M. They have driven my brother to despair! Hurt from her swelling bosom.

The common occurrence of life soon silenced observation on George Burleigh, and his name never again came into the arena of human attention, which, I think, is the lot of most, who are thrown down and forgotten. In a few weeks after my departure, I took mine, and fourteen years passed, for I again revisited Warbridge.

Ever since my arrival in America, I had con-

and on one of my visits to New York, in 183

at his residence in that city. He was a splendid horseman, in the hands of Mr. Lawrence, but to be lent, but used; and his interesting family were found in every enjoyment that the customs of the United States admitted. A party, as they modestly called it, but, in reality, a splendid one, was given on Lexington's birth night. My old weather-bitten horse was a great honor, from where I could see without being found I was very composedly examining the different groups as they entered. Many passed on my-day figures, but at length a gentleman and fully interested, whose appearance drew all eyes to him, and, you may suppose mine, when they were met, I saw that it was George Burleigh and Mrs. Juliana Burleigh. He was in the full and very imposing uniform of a Lombard Colonel of cavalry, and never did I before conceive the full perfection of the human form, and his companion seemed to have been created for his equispart.

In features, and in the expression, their aspect was like mine; both were dark, both were handsome.

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